

ACHIEVEMENTS OF DEMOCRATS TOLD BY SPAAN

INDIANA'S GREAT CRIMINAL LAWYER ADDRESSED GREAT CROWD AT DEMOCRATIC RATIFICATION MEETING ON SATURDAY NIGHT—DWELLS ON LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND COVENANT OF PEACE

The achievements of the Democratic party in the past eight years, was the text of the address by Henry Spaan, Indiana's great criminal attorney, and candidate for congress from the seventh district, at the monster ratification meeting held Saturday evening in the court room.

Mr. Spaan was introduced by Ho. Matt J. Murphy attorney. Mr. Murphy told of a young man who had had no privilege of an early education, who graduated from a brick yard at the age of 23 and from his own efforts developed into Indiana's greatest criminal lawyer. This man, he said, is Henry Spaan, whom I have the pleasure of introducing this evening.

For almost an hour and a half, Mr. Spaan held his audience by reciting to them many achievements of the Democratic party in their eight years of National control.

Especially emphasis was given the peace treaty and the Covenant of Peace. Mr. Spaan urged the support of the president in his program for adoption by the United States.

The tariff law which places the bulk of tariff on luxuries and takes much off the necessities; the Tariff Commission, which takes the tariff out of politics; The Federal Loan Act; the anti trust legislation; the Federal Reserve bank; Woman's Suffrage; the election of senators by direct vote; and the achievements of the United States during the great World War, are the achievements of the party, which has been admirably led by President Wilson, said Mr. Spaan.

Admitting that some mistakes had been made, the speaker said that the achievements were so many that they entirely overshadowed the few errors which necessarily would arise in doing so much in so short a time. Admitting that expenditures by the Government in war preparation were lavish, he defied anyone to show any signs of graft or crookedness in the expenditure of the billions spent.

The raising of the great army, the equipping of the army, the floating of the Federal loans, and many other great achievements connected with the conducting of war preparations were discussed.

Mr. Spaan flayed the Republican Senate for its fight on the League of Nations which he said they had made a football of politics.

Prior to the speaking, the Greencastle band entertained the great crowd with a concert. The court room was well filled during the evening.

AUTO TURNS OVER; BOYS ARE PINNED UNDERNEATH

A Ford touring car driven by Claire Albin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Albin in which three other boys, Paul Dodd, Donald Cox and Estel Harney were riding, turned over Sunday morning at near 11 o'clock. The accident occurred on Bloomington street in front of the Tri Delt House. A broken steering wheel caused the car to turn over. The boys were pinned underneath the car but none of them were injured when the car was righted again and the roll call given the lads climbed in the car and drove it down town to a garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Snyder of Brazil and their guest Miss Helen Wilson of Chicago were here Sunday the guests of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitted at Locust Bend, Sunday.

Mrs. Clarence Williams and little son and Mrs. Garth Job of Lafayette returned to their homes Sunday after spending the week here with Mrs. Williams mother, Mrs. Herman Huffman and other relatives and friends.

ITS NOW MR. S. "HENRY" PITMAN, IF YOU PLEASE

It's now Mr. S. "Henry" Pitman, if you please. Formerly he was known as "Skinny" Pitman or in more polite society as Andrew Pitman.

But that all is changed now. It came about on Saturday evening when Mr. Pitman, who was working in the Pitchford store was approached by a strange colored man who offered to sell him two pairs of new pants for \$1. each.

Pitman's "A Conan Doyle" instincts immediately were aroused. "Ha, Ha," he said to himself, "I scent a robbery."

Immediately he planned a trap. Sure I'll buy them, he told the stranger. He excused himself for a minute while he spoke to Mr. Pitchford. And this is what he said. "While I take this strange colored man up to Dr. Overstreet's office (where Mr. Pitman does the janitor work) you call 'Heavy' Cannon, up here to see if he can identify these pants as stolen ones."

Now, "Heavy" is the recognized "Pants Hound" of Greencastle and the minute he laid his eyes on the merchandise, he recognized them as some that the Star store had had out in front of the store Saturday with a sign "Take me home for \$2.98" attached.

"Heavy" did not intimate to the strange colored man his business at the Pitchford store, but as he went down the street, he summoned officer Thomas Sewell, who forthwith arrested the stranger and escorted him to the county bastille, more commonly known as the county jail.

The colored man admitted that he started to take the pants home but forgot to leave the \$2.98.

That is why it is S. "Henry" Pitman now.

HANNA AND BITTLES ARE TIED FOR FIRST

Andrew Hanna, lately returned from a trip to the coast, and who made his "Maiden" appearance in the 1920 golf tournament of the Greencastle Golf Club, and James Bittles tied for first place in the week end tournament. Each had a net score of 59.

They will play a match game to determine who is awarded first and second place in the tournament. Roy Abrams was third and H. M. Smith was fourth.

The scores of the eight leading players in the tournament are:

Name	Gross	Hndcp.	Net
James Bittles	85	26	59
A. B. Hanna	88	29	59
Roy Abrams	95	31	64
H. M. Smith	106	41	65
Chas. McGaughey	88	21	67
M. J. Murphy	95	28	67
H. N. Hardy	95	28	67
C. W. Otis	101	34	67

WHERE TO GET FORTUNE.

Huge Treasure is Buried on Island Off Northern France.

Stories of sunken treasure are legion. Some have a foundation of fact; others are pure legend, and have sometimes resulted in thousands of pounds being spent in an attempt to recover the mythical millions. There does not seem to be much doubt, however, that beneath the waves of La Hogue, the roadstead on the east side of the island of Cotentin, in the north of France, a huge fortune lies buried. It was there in 1692 that the great naval battle of La Hogue was fought between the French and Dutch fleets, when sixteen French men-of-war were entirely destroyed, thirteen of the latter being sunk.

These ships included the flower of the French navy. Three of the French vessels, including the flagship of Admiral De Tourville, were said to be the finest men-of-war in the world. In addition to many men they carried much bullion, most of which had been obtained from captured prizes.

That the exact spot where some of these vessels were sunk has been hit upon is evident from the fact that in 1912, while an engineer of Cherbourg was engaged in dredging, he brought up two bars of silver stamped with the date 1692. Most of the vessels, it is presumed, are buried in the sand, for they have never been a source of danger to navigation. An exception to this, however, is one Terrible, whose wreck sailors avoid with care. Another, the Magnifique, also constitutes a danger to trawlers, while about eighteen years ago an unusually low tide disclosed the bulk of one of the sunken vessels, cannon balls and pieces of artillery being taken out.—The Bits.

The Joyriders



CRAP SHOOTERS SCATTER WHEN OFFICER FIRED

VERITABLE SWARM OF "AFRICAN GOLF" PLAYERS SURPRISED SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN PASTURE ON ORPHANS' HOME FARM—MARSHALL O'HAIR ARRESTS TWO AND SECURES SOME TELL TALE EVIDENCE

Two men, \$1.50 in money, a canvas, 7 bottles of beer, a bucket of ice one hat and one coat, were captured Sunday afternoon at near 1 o'clock by Marshall Henry O'Hair, who with B. W. Shirley, manager of the Greencastle Orphan's Home, raided a crap game in the large woods pasture of the Orphans Home farm.

Between thirteen and fifteen men who were in the game escaped arrest by taking to the woods when the officer approached, while one—the one who left his hat and coat behind—mounted a steed belonging to one of the other members of the party and made his escape on horseback.

Mr. Shirley for many months has been annoyed by the "Crap Game" in his woods. Sunday he called the Marshall and the two men went to the scene of activities. The officer managed to get close to the game before he was discovered by any of the players. When at last players discovered the officer and started a general stampede, the officer drew his revolver and fired above the heads of the men.

Two of them did not run. The others scattered "like a bunch of sheep", it is said, but the officer has the names of virtually all of the men and boys who were enjoying a Sunday afternoon in the shade of a large maple tree and a largely attended party is expected to appear this evening or tomorrow before Mayor Rupert E. Bartley to answer to charges of "Gaming."

The game was well provided with a canvas covering for the ground, cool and refreshing drinks and everything in fact to lend comfort to those in attendance.

HOG RECEIPTS, 6,500; PRICES HOLD STEADY

Indianapolis Receipts—Hogs, 6,500; cattle, 1,200; calves, 700; sheep 500. Hog prices were steady at the opening of the market with general sales at \$16.60. Heavier hogs sold as low as \$15.50. Pigs went at \$14.50 down. The supply was about equally divided between local and outside buyers.

Cattle were active and strong; Calves 50c higher; sheep strong; lambs higher, best selling at \$14.25.

WILL CELEBRATE THEIR 50th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Talbott will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary Tuesday July 13th. They will be at home to their friends at 502 E. Hanna Street both afternoon and evening. No Invitations.

ENGLISHMAN'S TRIP OVER NIAGARA IN BARREL IS FATAL

CASK SMASHED ON ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM OF HORSESHOE FALLS IN 158 FOOT DROP

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. July 11.—Charles G. Stephens of Bristol, England, was killed today when he went over the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel. The cask in which he made the trip, though build of stout Russian Oak staves and bound with steel hoops, was smashed like an egg shell on the jagged rocks at the base of the cataract. Pieces of the barrel were picked up near the bank on the Canadian side, but Stephens body has not been recovered. River men say that it may not come to the surface for a week or ten days.

FORMER EMPRESS EUGENIE IS DEAD

MADRID, July 12.—Eugenie, former empress of France, age ninety-five, widow of Napoleon III, died here Thursday morning after only a few hours' illness at the home of her nephew, duke of Alba. She was exceptionally well Saturday morning. At midday she lunched heartily. A short time later she became ill, experiencing severe abdominal pain. Dr. Grenda, physician to King Alfonso, was called and finding her condition serious, summoned Dr. Moreno Zancudo, a specialist, and two other physicians. They were however, unable to relieve the patient.

The Rev. and Mrs. Victor Raphael left today for Cincinnati, where they will spend the next four weeks on their summer vacation.

Miss Anna Nelson who underwent an operation last week at the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis was brought to her home in this city Saturday. Her condition is improving rapidly.

Two airplanes passed over Greencastle Sunday at near noon. One was headed east and the other one was going west.

DEPAUW MEN WILL COACH H. S. QUINTETS

THREE PUTNAM COUNTY TEAMS WILL BE IN CHARGE OF UNIVERSITY PLAYERS THIS FALL—NEWGENT AT RUSSELLVILLE, MOFFETT AT BAINBRIDGE

Putnam county high school basketball promises to take on more interest this fall than ever before, due to the fact that three of the leading high school in the county will be coached by former DePauw basketball men.

Greencastle will be led by "Big" Smith, as last year. Bainbridge will have as her coach Donovan Moffett, star back guard on last years DePauw team and also all-round athletic star of the Tiger team. Russellville will be coached by Harold Newgent, another DePauw man and former star on the Greencastle High School team.

Keen rivalry has existed between these three schools for the past several years, and interest promises to increase this year due to the coaching staffs. Russellville may have the edge on the other two teams because four men are left from last year's team. These same four men have played for the past three years on the same team. Bainbridge and Greencastle both have good second year material from which the coaches will attempt to build winning combinations and the results of the games between these teams this fall promises to be more than of ordinary interest in this county.

PROPOSE COMBINE UNDER ONE BANNER

CHICAGO, July 12.—Amalgamation of the labor party of the United States and the Committee of Forty-eight in a new political movement with a single party name, one platform and one presidential ticket were included in the recommendations submitted to the Labor and Forty eight conventions when they reconvened today.

Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, remained the most talked of candidate in the presidential race. The teams of the proposed combine are understood by the party leaders to meet his views as expressed last week to Amos Pinchot and George L. Record, leading Forty eighters who called on the senator to ask whether he would accept the nomination.

Bee Hive Rebekah Lodge will meet this evening at 8 o'clock in regular session. There will be installation of officers. Mrs. Dollie Caldwell, N. G.

OKLAHOMA BOY RIVAL TO EDISON

Youth Specializes in Making and Flying Kites by the Use of Cables.

USES A CAT MAKING EXPERIMENTS

Possesses Electric Train, Wireless Apparatus and "Wireless Light."

Checotah, Okla.—Paul Parrott, a Checotah, Okla., boy has broken the record in this part of the country so far as kites are concerned, having recently constructed one fourteen feet long and nine feet wide, which requires a cable to hold it when flying. While flying the kite pulls so vigorously that it cannot be held by hand, but must be wound and unwound by means of a windlass which is anchored to a telephone pole.

After experimenting with the kite the owner conceived the idea of a parachute attachment, and made one corresponding to the kite in size. He figured that a small copper wire fastened to a pulley on the rope and attached to the parachute would hold till the parachute reached the kite when it would give way and the parachute would float gently to the ground. When tested the experiment proved that his conjectures were right, but the desired end had not yet been reached, he wanted a passenger to test its carrying ability. Accordingly he began to cast about for the coveted object.

A cat seemed to be the most available thing, which was fastened securely to a net to the parachute and sent up to meet the kite. Though the cat's protests, expressed by continuous howls could be heard from any part of the town during its flight, it made a successful trip and reached the ground in safety. On the cat's second trip it remained perfectly quiet until the parachute landed, and when picked up to be released was purring softly.

Paul's name de plume is "Polly," which is painted in giant black letters on the face of the kite and is clearly legible from the kite's greatest flight of 500 or 600 feet, or the extreme length of the rope.

He has other interesting experiments, among which is an electric train with a black signal, which causes the train to automatically stop at the gate for two minutes, when the switch opens and permits the train to make another revolution of the circuit.

All this is accomplished by means of storage batteries and works as perfectly as if done by hand and will operate day and night without being touched as long as it is connected with the current. Included in this display is what he calls his wireless light, a small bulb showing no connection with either battery or current, seeming to burn independently of everything else. It is likely that he will be called to the east in the near future to install this display at Chautauqua headquarters.

Paul, when a small boy, came to Checotah with his parents from his Ohio home, and has since lived here. He is a sign painter by trade, but is easily anything else that is necessary. His chosen profession being very elastic, it is applied to different kinds of painting, such as stage curtains, interior decorations, window lettering, cards, caricature drawing and various other things. He is quite a favorite in Checotah. He is always ready to lend a helping hand to anything beneficial and is a treasure in local talent and entertainment. He plays the cornet in the church choir, the orchestra and the town band.

VICIOUS DEER TRAPPED WHILE KILLING SNAKE

Battle Between Big Buck and Rattlesnake Attracts Texas Stockman to the Scene.

Breckenridge, Texas.—While J. E. Parkhill, a prominent stockman of Breckenridge was out hunting his cows on the Hubbard River, in the northern part of this county, his attention was attracted to a vacant ranchhouse by some violent disturbance going on within. Upon approaching the building he beheld a buck deer on the inside engaged in killing a large rattlesnake. Suddenly the deer made a break for the door, but was caught back by Mr. Parkhill with a scantling until he could barricade this entrance.

The next day Mr. Parkhill, along with County Clerk J. A. Ault, Col. Warner Parkhill and J. L. Griffith, went to the vacant house and hauled the deer home in a wagon. The deer was a vicious animal and Mr. Parkhill was severely cut and bruised by the deer while trying to keep it in the ranchhouse until the door was barricaded.

SPECIAL SESSION CONVENES

Convening of the second 1920 special session of Indiana's general assembly today received attention from Hoosier Politicians, Taxpayers and other citizens.

Politicians were watching with some trembling the potentialities of the session as to its influence on their ambitions. Taxpayers were watching to see how much it is to take from their pockets. Other citizens were interested because of some individual loss or gain, and because of the indication it may give them as to who best can serve their purposes after the general election this fall.

Governor Goodrich in calling the session, has in mind a definite program for the assembly. His program will be outlined in his message, which he will read at a joint session this afternoon and it is expected, it will be laid before a Republican party caucus tonight. Aside from the administrative program, which is backed fairly well by the party organization, many individuals have programs of their own. How wise it will be to add them to the administration program will be considered at the caucuses tonight.

Plans of the Democrats

Democrats, very much in the minority, are among the most interested observers. If they have agreed on anything in the form of a program, the leaders of the opposition party have not yet discovered it. The prevailing opinion is that they have not done so. They may this evening however.

HOW SHERIFF HARRIS SAVED LIFE OF NEGRO

Quivering from fear, and surrounded by a "firing squad" of fifteen farmers, armed with rifles, clubs shot guns and other implements of war, a strange negro, who had broken into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Stoner who reside on the William Kreigh farm 3 miles east of town, was rescued from what he believed to be certain death, Sunday morning at near 10 o'clock. At least this is the way the negro feels about it.

The negro had not done a thing but enter the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stoner while the latter were in Greencastle and steal a large revolver and cartridge belt.

It just happened that while the negro was in the Stoner home, a neighbor boy who desired to borrow some butter knocked at the back door of the house. This startled the negro and he made a dash through the front door.

The boy immediately summoned help and soon many farmers from the neighborhood, armed with most anything they could grab were looking for the thief.

They soon found him but he did not offer to use his newly acquired weapon. No, he was too scared for that. When he saw the farmers armed with rifles, shotguns, clubs and other kindred weapons, he had visions. He saw himself riddled with bullets, beaten with clubs and hanging to limbs.

In the meantime the Sheriff, Mr. Howard Harris was enroute to the scene. And when he arrived the prisoner was about as badly a terrified man as one could imagine. Right now he will tell you that the sheriff saved his life.

The farmers admit they had no trouble in holding the man until the sheriff arrived. The lad, he says is only 17 years old and says that Spring field, Illinois is his home.

Joe, the 7 year old son, of Mr. and Mrs. William Feld, was slightly injured at near 8 o'clock Saturday evening when he was struck by the fender of an automobile driven by Miss Mary Stewart. The accident occurred at the crossing in front of the Owl Drug Store, the little lad having started across the street to the court house. The car was being driven very slowly at the time. The lad was knocked down and his lip cut. Howard Kerr, who was in the car with Miss Stewart picked up the little boy and he was taken to the office of Dr. Tucker, where his injuries were dressed.

Parted By Fate

"He's the very nicest man I know!" mourned the girl with the yellow hair, "and I keep on treating him as though he belonged in the back yard of civilization! It's awful!"

"Are you talking backward?" inquired the girl in the green suit.

"If it keeps on," proceeded the girl with the yellow hair, "I think I shall lose my mind! Some jinx is mixing up my fate—some enemy has hoodooed me! I tell you the instant I met Alfred I had a sort of shock. Something told me that there was the man I had been waiting for all my life!"

"I should think so!" breathed her friend. "He gets a salary of \$10,000, doesn't you say?"

"It was Alfred's personality," indignantly asserted the yellow-haired girl. "I hope you realize I am not mercenary enough to be influenced by anything his cousin may have told me! I could see by his expression that he was a wonderful man. And his silk socks and his tie matched perfectly. I think you can tell so much by those little individualities! Don't you?"

"But listen! Just when I had it all fixed to ride in the same auto with him, his cousin called him away to ride in hers to the beach picnic. And then, when I was about to sit beside him at the campfire, one of the men called him away to carry wood, and before he got back Arty Manners had flopped down in his place—and all I could do was give him a sad smile across the blaze. Even that was spoiled, because just as he caught my eye somebody dropped a plate of sandwiches on his head in passing, and nothing annoys a man like being messed up that way."

"He did call to see me before he went back to New York—and arrived when our living room was full of some ancient relatives, whom we have to be nice to because they own a mine that may pan out well some day—and my total conversation with him consisted of 'Why, how do you do?' and 'Goodnight!' The rest of the time Uncle Benjamin was explaining to him how to get eighty bushels of potatoes from an acre instead of forty. Alfred is in the wholesale dry goods business, and, of course, was intensely interested in the potatoes."

"He sent me a ten-pound box of candy on my birthday, and I wrote him a perfectly beautiful letter, which he never answered. That was because he never got it. That monogrammed expression of thanks is probably stuck in a mail chute somewhere, or is being kept as a perfect example to be used in somebody's compendium on 'How to Write Elegant Letters.'"

"I knew he never got it because the next time he was in Chicago on a business trip he phoned me, and I cleared the matter up. He forgave me at once and asked me to come down for dinner and the theater—and I had already promised Arty Manners, who is absolutely ridiculous as a possible life partner, but very insistent on one's keeping engagements. And it was Alfred's only evening in town! And he couldn't come out for afternoon tea because he had business until 5 o'clock!"

"How perfectly tragic!"

"It was! Three weeks later father took me with him on a little jaunt down east, and when I got him headed for New York I was happy as though I had eaten the canary bird. I got father safely interested in an old college chum, and I phoned Alfred's office. For once, in our lives we should have had a peaceful little visit over the luncheon table. I shall always hate his stenographer's voice. She said that Alfred had left the day before for a vacation up the Hudson, and would not return in ten days! I developed a dislike for New York and made father go home the next afternoon."

"A month later Alfred was again in Chicago. He had taken the precaution to write that he was coming and to reserve one afternoon and evening of my time. The morning of that day I fell off the stepladder and sprained my ankle so badly that I was in bed a week. I couldn't even get to the phone to talk to him. He struck Chicago on his return trip and phoned, asking me to dinner and I accepted. That afternoon we got a telegram saying that grandmother had died and we left on the 5 o'clock train. Why, it's enough to make any man think I was sitting up nights planning how to avoid him! Alfred must have a lovely nature to stand it so sweetly. But another disaster or two will finish even him! If it happens again—"

"A telegram for you," said the maid as she entered the room. The yellow-haired girl read it aloud with stuttering lips—"In town one day—may I call Thursday night? Alfred." The yellow-haired girl bit her hands upon her brow. "Oh!" she moaned. "It's unspeakable! I'm chairman of the banquet given by our college club Thursday night, and unless I die I've got to go! Oh, Alfred, Alfred!"

"Ha, ha!" said her unsympathetic friend. "Excuse me for laughing at anything so sad—but I guess this is where Alfred tears your memory from his heart!"

BLIND TOYMAKER REEVES IS DEAD

Was Known All Over the United States for the Remarkable Toys He Made.

TAUGHT HIMSELF TO DO WORK

Had Also Mastered the Typewriter and Broommaking After He Lost His Sight.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Charles Francis Reeves, the blind toymaker of Brooklyn, who was known from coast to coast through the toys he designed and made, is dead, after a brief illness at his home, 121 Prospect place. Mr. Reeves was 72 years old, and had been blind for more than half his life. Before his sight totally failed him, however, he mastered the toy trade, and when he finally became blind, was able to use all the instruments of the trade and earn a livelihood.

At his home on Prospect place, where he had resided for many years, he had fitted up one of the finest workshops for the toymaking trade to be found in the city. The workshop occupied two rooms and it was here that he made the toys that during the last three decades he has disposed of through various associations in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and which have made him famous throughout the country.

He had everything necessary for toymaking in the shop and a prescribed place for each instrument so that he could place his hand in a minute on any tool he wanted, despite his blindness. The tools, which he used most frequently were arranged on a rack over his head, and the manner in which he could pick out the instrument he wanted from the mass seemed a miracle.

Mr. Reeves was an Englishman by birth, being born at Westminster, Middlesex, England, in 1843. His father, Charles Reeves, was one of the leading silversmiths of that part of the country, but the toymaker refused to follow in his father's footsteps, and after spending a few years at school, at the age of 14 ran off to sea.

His first cruise was on the sailing vessel Runnymede of Bristol, and he stayed on this vessel for two years. His career on the sea lasted for five years, after which he entered a brass foundry to learn the molding trade. He had to abandon this trade when he was 21 because of his failing sight.

In 1863 he married Miss Dedelia Gorman in London, and in 1860 the couple emigrated to Canada, coming to the United States years later the family settled in Brooklyn. As his sight failed him Mr. Reeves with the assistance of his wife, who proved to be a worthy helpmeet, learned how to use the fine toymakers' saws and tools. Although it was necessary for him at times to count the teeth on the saws to get some of the fine results in his work and keep it perfect, it was his boast that he had never injured his fingers once. He had mastered the typewriter and was an expert broommaker.

DREAM OF WEALTH COMES TRUE

Poor Little Girl is Awarded \$16,000 for Her Injuries.

Boston, Mass.—To be a poor little girl with the poor little girl's dream of some day becoming a princess with untold wealth and then to suddenly find that the wealthy part of the dream has come true, is the experience of 15-year-old Josephine Romano.

Josephine's dream of wealth came true when she was awarded \$16,000 by a jury for injuries sustained several years ago when she was hit and tripped by a live wire which was dangling from one of the Boston elevated poles. She was so severely burned about the face and hands that the marks will remain on her body for life.

"It is so much money that I don't know what to do with it," she said. "I think I'll put it in the bank and then be a real lady."

Equine Wonder; Not a Circus Horse

Reading Center, N. Y.—Countless automobiles may spin along the road of Yates County, reading-rooms may be established at every crossroads; dancing and husking bees may be held each evening, but the serene course of the education of Miss Charlotte Hicks, daughter of Albert A. Hicks of this place, will never be clouded—and all because of an equine wonder, "a brood mare of much spirit and life."

Miss Hicks attends the Dundee high school, and every morning she drives the horse three-quarters of a mile to the railway station of her home town. Boards the train, leaving the horse and carriage in the road. Stands on the last platform of the train as it pulls out and raises an admonitory finger toward her equine partner, who watches the train until it becomes a splash of smoke on the horizon and then ambles back home.

An old workman at the station swears that the animal talks in its solitary moments.

When Miss Hicks returns to the station the horse and carriage are always harnessed up and sent on down the road. Rain or shine the horse makes the trip. Miss Hicks is never late for dinner, or the train, as the horse always makes the trip on time.

They figure in Reading Center that since the horse knows by habit the right time of leaving, it knows when it is late and makes up for lost time.

Injured Romance

"It certainly looked as though Providence was helping us," said the woman who had just got back from her summer home in the country. "My youngest sister, Sallie, is at the romantic period that all girls live through when all you can do to save them is to lock them up in a dungeon, and the law won't allow that! I've been so worried for fear she would marry that man! The trouble is he looks so attractive! But I knew the first time I laid eyes on him that if he lost his money his wife would be the one who would have to slave and economize instead of him. I felt it in my bones that if the coffee was poor he'd make her wish she had died when she was young and happy! But there wasn't a bit of use telling Sallie that! I even listened sympathetically when she raved over his taste in neckties, the superb fit of his clothes and the way he looked at one when he talked. And yet they say that girls should be allowed to pick out their own husbands!"

"My heart sank when he came across the lake to visit us. Before his arrival I had hopes of John Derrick, who is so much everything that a girl should fall in love with that of course Sallie wouldn't pay any attention to him at all."

"Gerald was quite the most beautifully got-up individual," continued the woman who had just got back from her summer home, "when he came out in his white flannels, that you could hope to see, and he bent over Sallie like a duke when he handed her anything. John had to go fishing alone that evening, because Gerald kept Sallie on the porch. He said he was surprised that she would ruin her hands with hooks and minnows, and such things. That settled it! A man who dislikes fishing has a kink of some sort in his character. Sallie just sat there drinking in his monologue on higher art and ethics of life and the poetry about her eyes. Meanwhile, poor John was down alone on the pier getting pneumonia maybe and mosquito bites certainly, with no one to sympathize with him. I could have slapped Sallie with good will."

"John came back to our place to dump what was left of the bait in the minnow tub and to say good night, and then he went home to his cottage like a soldier, leaving Sallie on the porch with his hated rival. He remarked casually that he believed he'd start early next morning on the canoe trip that he had spoken of and would be gone several days. I could see Gerald's eyes gleam with satisfaction, and Sallie seemed stricken dumb for a minute with surprise. However, she turned to Gerald the next second to a satisfied sigh that sent John careening off through the geranium bed, thinking it was a path."

"Finally I called Sallie in and said it was getting late. Gerald said he believed he'd walk down to the pier and smoke a last cigar and he held Sallie's hand longer than he had any business to when he said good night."

"I was nearly asleep when Sallie woke me. She said that there were queer noises in the yard below. We tiptoed to her window and listened. Now, you have to keep minnows in something big and we have ours in a tub out near the house. And the man who brought the load of stones for the rocky two days before had spilled them out near the same place. I could make out a white gleam and I whispered to Sallie that it must be Gerald returning. The white tho stopped suddenly with an awful 'Woof!' and I knew he had run into the strip of chicken wire stretched between two trees to keep pedestrians out of a flower bed. He tried again and banged into a tree. Then quite distinctly I heard his opinion of people who did not have electric lamp-posts and cement walks in the country."

"My goodness!" Sallie gasped, in horror. "Hush!" I told her. His exquisite sensibilities are hurt and you can't blame him! Then he came on in the dark again carefully. He stubbed his toe over one rock that had rolled out from the rest, and swore. Then in two seconds he plunged headlong into all of them. The carnage was awful and the language illuminating."

"Be quiet!" I ordered when Sallie moaned. "What can you expect when his beautiful ideals get bumped that way?"

"Just as Gerald straightened up and struck out again he hit the minnow tub and went in head first. Those fish must have been surprised to shoot through the air as they did."

"Sallie was clutching me and weeping over his terrible temper, but I had presence of mind enough to remind her that his nature was very fine. Then I dragged her into a kimono and down stairs with me, because I wanted to complete the lesson. I had the lights on when Gerald finally got in. He looked like a cross bear and the victim of a steam roller and a drowsy. I said sweetly we had come to see if he needed any help and then Sallie fled."

"She seemed sort of subdued during the rest of Gerald's visit and when John came back she literally fell on his neck. Yes, they're to be married at Christmas! Oh, mercy no! To John, of course."

DOG MAIL CARRIER'S DEATH GRIEVES "PAL"

They Were Never Late and Never Got Any Pay, Not Even So Much as a Dog Biscuit!

Philadelphia, Pa.—For ten years the mail has been carried from the Fernwood railroad station to the Yeadon borough post office, a distance of one mile, three times a day, no matter what the weather was. The residents of Yeadon never have had cause to complain of the service and the Government never paid a cent for it. Two sheep dogs did the work.

Now one of the dogs is dead, and his "pal" refuses to leave the little mound in the rear of William B. Evans' property.

The residents of Yeadon from this day forward will have to allow for human fallibility. And the Government will have to send a monthly voucher to the man who gets the job that the dogs filled out of sheer patriotism.

It is Collie who is dead. He just naturally passed away. Colonel's piteous moaning brought Evans down before daybreak, and he found Colonel standing across the dead body of Collie as though he knew that the next thing was burial and he wanted to protect his "pal." Evans took Collie's death to heart almost as deeply as Colonel did, and the man and dog stood together as equals, as mourners, while Collie went to his grave.

Ten years ago Collie and Colonel started as real patriots to carry the mail. The pouch came from Fernwood station to the postoffice three times a day, one end of it in Collie's mouth and the other between Colonel's firm jaws. Only once on each trip did they pause, and that occurred halfway between the two extreme points.

No one ever told them the time to go for the mail. When the clock said ten minutes to train time they were off. Postmasters have come and gone in those ten years, but Collie and Colonel kept on.

Some one once proposed that the Postoffice Department be appealed to to buy these royal servants of Yeadon borough a pair of pretty dog collars. But they never got as much as a dog biscuit!

It is said that Colonel cannot live. He must die of a broken heart or if not that, then starvation. For he will not eat. All he does is stand by the grave of Collie and whine and hang his head low. Meanwhile the postmaster is seeking a man to carry the mail.

GETS FIRST LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY

Said Wrong Thing at Right Time, but Now Would Prefer to Argue With a Rhinoceros Rather than Ostrich

New York.—There are several things you cannot do to an ostrich. One of these is to say to him, "Here chick—chick—chick!"

At least you cannot say that to "General Von Kluck," the large, clam chowder-colored ostrich who is commander of the detachment of twelve California filly-loo birds enroute from Glendale, in the tropic orange land, to Hamilton, Bermuda, aboard the steamship Bermudian.

Michael Tierney and three other longshoremen on the Bermudian's deck learned his first lesson in natural history, and to their sorrow.

"General Von Kluck" and his personally conducted party of large and limpid eyed hens were being transferred on a Lackawanna tug from Hoboken to pier 23, North River, where the Bermudian lay. As the tug snuggled along side the wharf "General Von Kluck" saw a coil of fire hose there and remembered he had not dined. Escaping from his crate he voluped gracefully to the dock. Then it was Michael Tierney stopped his truck, took a long look at the long bird and remarked he guessed maybe his liver complaint was worse than usual. So he called, "Here chick, chick, chick."

"Tis many a day since Michael Tierney has been put out with one punch, but on this occasion he was. Yea, verily. In the face it was—and straight from the knee. Same thing for two other longshoremen who tried to catch the bird. Finally they had to bet a baggage hold—one of those rope nets they bundle trunks in—to throw over the ostrich's head. And so they lowered his squawking into the hold.

"Give me a plain rhinoceros to handle next," feebly moaned Michael Tierney.

CALLS BREAD AND BUTTER MOST NOURISHING DIET

Any Man Can Live on 10 Cents a Day, Says Harvard Professor in Talk on Food.

Boston, Mass.—"Although a great many people have expressed surprise that war sufferers are living on 10 cents a day," said Dr. Franklin W. White, at the Harvard Medical School, "as a matter of fact any man can live on that amount by using mainly a bread-and-butter diet."

Dr. White took a slice of bread and butter as a unit of food and declared it equal in nutritive value to five-eighths of a glass of milk, one egg and a half, a large potato, a saucer and a plate of cereal, two slices of lean beef, a plate of baked beans, 12 oysters, 20 cups of beef tea made from extract, or 11 cups of homemade beef tea, costing 9 cents.

"There has been much talk about the comparative value of whole-wheat bread and white bread," he continued. "It is thought generally whole wheat is much more healthful and nourishing, because of the bran left in the kernel; it is not so, however, for the body cannot absorb the bran."

Bobbin's Call

"I brought somebody to see you," announced the small neighbor as the grown-up neighbor opened the back door. The small neighbor carefully guided a very fat little boy with a great many stuffy clothes on across the threshold. Then he stood, grinning, just outside the door.

"What a cunning little somebody!" exclaimed the grown-up neighbor, as she stooped and kissed one of the small boy's bright red cheeks. "Come into the living room and sit down a while."

"Well, you know we can't stay very long," said the small neighbor when the two visitors had clambered up into two chairs. "We ran away, you know."

"The grown-up neighbor opened her eyes wide. 'Well!' she ejaculated; 'that wasn't a very nice thing to do, was it?'"

"It was nicer than not doing it," said the small neighbor, with decision. She shook her shoulders rather contemptuously and added: "Anyway, it was only just Frank we ran away from. You see," she went on after a moment, "Frank is Bobbin's brother. This is Bobbin's, you know. Frank is six or nine years older than Bobbin, and he's a very bad boy."

"That's a pity," commented the grown-up neighbor. "But I suppose Bobbin is a good boy."

"Oh, yes, he's good enough," agreed the small neighbor. "He's good enough now, but of course he won't be good at all when he gets as old as Frank."

"Maybe he'll keep right on being good," ventured the grown-up neighbor optimistically.

The small neighbor looked at her with pity in her eyes. "But he's a good boy," she explained, "and boys aren't ever good except when they're quite little."

"We ran away," she continued, "because Frank said that if we didn't begin to stop acting the way we were he'd initiate us right that very minute."

"My!" exclaimed the grown-up neighbor, "I don't wonder you ran away. What did you do that made him threaten such a terrible thing?"

"Oh, we didn't really do anything," said the small neighbor easily. "We just put some mud in Frank's hair. What he threatened wasn't so very terrible, because my mother wouldn't really let him do it. But we just decided that we'd come away for a while and we were coming anyway, because I wanted you to see Bobbin. I like him, don't you? I think he's cute."

"He certainly is as cute as he can be," agreed the grown-up neighbor, while the object of their conversation stared, Buddha-like, at nothing. "He's quite little, too. I don't believe he's much more than half as big as you are."

The small neighbor regarded her charge critically. "He's quite small up and down," she agreed, "but he's pretty big around, don't you think?"

"Well, yes; I suppose he is. Who is he?"

"My mother says he is my cousin," said the small neighbor rather doubtfully, "but I don't see how he can be when I never say him until day before yesterday. His mother's name is Aunt Molly, and they're going to stay at our house maybe two weeks and then their daddy's coming to take them home."

She hopped lightly down from her chair. "I guess we'll have to be going," she said. "You see, they don't know where we are and maybe they'll be wondering about it. Come on, Bobbin."

Bobbin rolled over on his fat little stomach and wriggled down from his chair. His masterful girl cousin took him by the hand and guided him toward the door. There she paused.

"You know," she said, looking up into the grown-up neighbor's face with wide, innocent eyes, "Bobbin didn't want to come the least bit in the world, so I had to tell him that sometimes you had little peppermint candies in your house and once, or maybe three times, you gave me some. Of course," she went on with a troubled look, "mother said I was never to ask you for candy, but she said if you asked me to have some I could take it. It wouldn't be polite not to, would it?"

"It would be the height of ill-breeding," gurgled the grown-up neighbor as she hastily departed to do her duty as a hostess.

"Good-by, little people," she called after them a moment later as they, according to their individual methods of progression, jumped and thumped down the steps.

Thoroughly Cured.

"Then you didn't ask for her hand?" "No; when I went to interview her father he was busy with the furnace. He said to come down, and after watching his struggles for half an hour I didn't want to get married."

The Musician's Advice.

A young lady called one day on Robert, the great pianist, who had consented to listen to her playing.

"What do you think I should do now?" she asked when she had finished.

"Get married," was the answer.

MOVIES TO AID SAFETY IN MINES

Lackawanna Company Will Use the Films to Teach Need of Care.

PRIZES HAVE BEEN OFFERED

Pictures to be Exhibited in Workers' Homes in the Anthracite Region of Pennsylvania.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—For the first time in the history of anthracite coal mining in Pennsylvania moving pictures have been made an auxiliary in "safety first" and first aid movements. A series of motion pictures illustrating these subjects in a comprehensive manner have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Mines, while the coal-mining departments of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad now is preparing a series of motion picture plays depicting possible accidents in coal mines and how to avoid them.

The film views will be sent to every mining district in the country. In the anthracite fields in Pennsylvania the Lackawanna Company has arranged so that the pictures may be shown in the homes of miners by stretching a wire to the house in which they are to be shown. Where it is impossible to stretch wires storage batteries may be used for home entertainments.

Prizes will be offered for the most vivid and instructive plays and these will be turned over to the "keg fund" of the locality which wins them. At many of the Lackawanna collieries the empty powder kegs which are returned in good condition are stored by the company, which credits 8 cents to the fund for each keg, the exact amount received from the powder company for their return. These funds are devoted to paying illness and death benefits and funeral expenses for the mine workers. They average from \$1,700 to \$2,000 a year.

The pictures begin with the thorough inspection of the mine in the morning by the fire boss, from inspecting the ventilating fan which supplies fresh air to the miners to inspecting the chambers in the mines where the men are to work and seeing that everything is safe.

Next safety lamps are distributed to the miners, who go down in the cage and report to the fire boss, who examines their lamps. Then they go to their chambers, and the miner examines the mine face before beginning work, and his helper assists him in putting up a temporary prop.

They drill a hole, the miner prepares his cartridge back at the tool box, charges the hole, lights the squib and they withdraw to the parting to await the blast. The charge explodes and the miner returns to the face to examine the chamber after the blast. He and his helper replace the prop, which has been blown down.

The methods of loading coal in the mines, both by hand and through chutes in pitching veins are shown, and the blowing down of coal in pitching veins.

The merit of these pictures is that in them all mine rules are observed and everything is done in the proper way. All safety precautions are taken regarding lights, handling the explosives, examining the chambers, setting props and pulling down the loose coal.

The pictures show the methods of transportation below ground, the motors, mules and stables, the hoisting of coal out of the mines and finally the hoisting of the men. The great pumps which hoist approximately 13½ tons of water for every ton of coal out of the mines are shown at work.

A separate film illustrates an accident from a gas explosion to a miner's laborer who disobeyed the rules. This was highly commended by the representatives of the operators, who said it was just the thing they needed to show in the safety first movement upon which they are all laying so much stress.

These films will be furnished to the operators by the Bureau of Mines at cost, and will be used to show to the miners' institutes and schools and probably later to the general public as an illustration of the great expenses and difficulties incident to anthracite mining. The films will be exhibited by the United States Bureau of Mines at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

HIS SKIN HEARS ALL

THAT HIS EARS MISS

"Deaf Mute" One of the Best Chauffeurs in Cincinnati, Gets Driver's License.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Horace Williamson, State Examiner of Chauffeurs, in granting a license to George Thole, 23 years old, a deaf and dumb auto driver, declared:

"I consider Thole one of the best chauffeurs in Cincinnati, because of the marvelous quality of his skin that enables him to detect sounds that a regular ear would miss."

"Thole has proved that he can get along without ears. I had him run on street car tracks and, more quickly than my ears could hear, Thole's sensitive physical organism detected the approach of a car from behind."

"We tried him on a car with an engine that missed once in a while, and he knew there was trouble every time. He knows the difference between a vibration from an auto horn and that of a street car."

Parting Forever

"Then I suppose there is nothing more to say," said the young man in a most dignified manner, arising from his seat.

The young woman in the chiffon gown shrugged her shoulders delicately. "Nothing," she assured him firmly.

"I'll go, then," he stated. "There is no object in lingering where I'm not wanted. And you've made it very clear that you wouldn't want me even if I came as a souvenir wrapped up with a box of candy."

"Your remarks were just as final," said the young woman. "There can't possibly be anything more to be added. Er—good night!"

"Good night!" said the young man, moving toward the door. As he reached the hall she spoke.

"I don't want you to think, Arthur," she said with great kindness, "that I am parting from you in anger; I shall always think of you as a friend!"

"Oh, thank you!" said the young man, acidly, coming back three steps.

"I appreciate that! Only your idea of friendship is a trifle weird! You can't be very chummy with a person to whom you've said things you have have to me!"

"We do not need to be chummy," said the young woman. "Only we can speak and—er—not make it noticeable to the public."

"Oh, I see!" agreed the young man. "Well, good night!"

"Good night!" said the young woman, evenly. He advanced into the hall and then returned to the door. "I can't seem to find my hat," he explained. "I just wanted to say, Ethel, that you must not think I shall go through life hating you! I shall always remember you as I first thought of you—a sweet and lovely girl. I shall forget all the later developments which I hope were not your true self. Perhaps I told you my opinion a trifle harshly this evening and I beg your pardon if you feel that I did. I always want to be a gentleman even in an unpleasant situation not of my making."

"You are most kind," said the young woman. "But if you think you can lay it all off onto me you're mistaken, Arthur! I—"

"I never dreamed of doing so!" said the young man, advancing into the room. "I must be going, but I've got to stay long enough to defend myself when you make that insinuation! However, you can't deny you brought up the subject first! You wanted to know why I was lunching with Daisy Kittredge and that started it!"

"You started it when you took her to lunch!" declared the young woman. "Don't let me keep you—it's still early enough to stop in at Daisy's!"

"I'm just going," said the young man, turning toward the hall quickly.

"Arthur!" she called when he had neared the front door. He came back coldly polite. "I don't feel right about your leaving in this frame of mind! We probably will never have another conversation again as long as we live and I want you to go away feeling right about it. You might shake hands!"

"If you wish," agreed the young man. He looked about uncertainly. "I can't find my hat!" he repeated, looking the hall over vaguely. Then he approached her. "I agree with you, Ethel," he said with great dignity. "We will not be so foolish as to end with a childish quarrel. We are man and woman of the world enough to realize that our engagement has just been an episode toward building up our characters and careers. We will not let its ending blight our spirits. Good-by, Ethel!" He held out his hand.



On July 1st 1920

We will credit three thousand people with 4 per cent interest on their savings for the past six months. If you are not already one of the above number, get ready to open an account on or before the first fifteen days in July and get your interest on January 1st, 1921.

The Central Trust Comp'y
TOTAL RESOURCES OVER SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

Workmen Wanted

Twenty five laborers wanted for permanent, all year work.

Indiana Portland Cement Co.

FOR SERVICE TRAVEL AND SHIP YOUR FREIGHT

...via...
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANAPOLIS & EASTERN TRACTION COMPANY AND CONNECTING LINES

Local and interline less car load and car load shipments to all points reached by Traction lines in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan.

Hourly Local Express Service Station Delivery

Passenger cars equipped with double windows insuring to patrons a dependable service.

For rates and further information see local T. H. I. & E. agent or address Traffic Department, 208 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

MCGRAW TIRES

FABRICS 6,000 MILES
CORDS 8,000 MILES

The special merit of a McGraw Tire does not consist in a "once in a while" record.

It lies in the fact that you get full mileage; can depend upon it.

There are no weak spots in construction to bring the McGraw to an untimely end. The Duplex Method prevents fabric buckles and pinches which arise in vulcanizing. Each fabric ply "sets" smoothly and evenly. The tire emerges from the molds as perfect a structure as it is humanly possible to build.

That's what prolongs life and resistance in the McGraw Tire. It is built for high mileage and delivers it.

Tire Talks By

GREENCASTLE TRANSFER CO.,
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phone 62 H. R. Nicholas

PERSONAL AND LOCAL NEWS

Gray Potter of the P. R. Christie & Son Shoe Store is confined to his home by illness.

Ott Batman of Bainbridge was in Greencastle this morning and tells of a hail storm at Bainbridge Sunday which riddled his corn and did much damage to growing crops.

Edgar Prevo and George Todd of the S. C. Prevo and Sons store are in Chicago attending the furniture convention and Edison dealers convention.

Hal Green of this city a motorman who was thrown from the top of a trolley car when he touched a live wire a few days ago, is still confined to his bed at the Rawley Hospital in Brazil. Mr. Green although not seriously injured was badly bruised and jostled from his fall. It will be several days before he will be able to sit up.

Lawrence "Cappy" Browning, of Logansport, is here for a short visit with friends. Mr. Browning is a salesman for an automobile accessory company.

Mrs. A. M. Young and son, Stanley left Sunday for Billings, Mont. for an extended visit with Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Young. While gone they will visit other points of interest, among them Glacier and Yellowstone National Parks.

The Penelope Club will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Knauer. Members please not change of date.

Raymond Welch of Indianapolis spent the week end here with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Peter Welch.

Edward Welch of Lafayette is here for a visit with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Peter Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilton of Carbon were here Sunday the guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Throop.

A party of folks about twenty two, in number went to the Shades of Death Sunday and spent the day. The trip was made in the Gardner Brothers truck. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Guy Pickens, Mr. and Mrs. Kimber Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wright and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Snyder and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Callender and children Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Taulman and son Mr. and Mrs. Roy Eastman, Clark Brackney, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mugg and Mr. and Mrs. Frampton Rockhill.

A. J. Duff has purchased a new Buick touring car.

The S. C. C. Club will meet on Tuesday evening with Miss Lulu Shildmeyer at her home on north Madison street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilton, of Carbon, formerly of this city, was here Sunday the guest of relatives and friends. They drove through from Carbon. Mr. and Mrs. Wilton formerly resided here.

Miss Lela Browning has returned from a week's visit with her aunt Mrs. Alice Gorman of Indianapolis.

Miss Ruth Meek of the Allen Brothers Store is taking her two week's vacation. She went to Cloverdale today to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cammack and other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Sluss and daughter are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Mary E. Grubb at her home on north Jackson street.

Miss Irene Welch will go to Crawfordsville Wednesday for a visit with relatives and friends. She is taking her vacation from the Allen Brothers Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bittles were in Indianapolis Sunday for the day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Huettis of Brazil were the guests of friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Donner has returned from Mackinac Island where she attended the National Kappa Sorority convention.

Allen Evans of Brazil was in this city today on business.

Mrs. Carl Mewborn of Tampa, Fla. has come to this city to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore and family. Mrs. Mewborn is a sister of Mr. Moore.

Willis Vermillion of Indianapolis spent the week end here with his parents Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Vermillion. Mr. Vermillion is employed as a clerk in the city court at Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Lisby went to Indianapolis Sunday to visit for a week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peek and Mrs. G. L. Newby motored from Indianapolis Saturday afternoon to this city for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George White. Mrs. Newby returned to her home this evening but Mr. and Mrs. Peek will remain for a longer visit.

Mrs. P. E. McGinitie of Seattle, Washington is here for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Belle Carver and her brother, M. M. Marshall.

LAWYERS WHO GOT UNUSUAL FEES

ATTORNEYS GAINED BIG MONEY IN CELEBRATED CASES.

Nearly \$1,000,000 Has Been Paid for Great Litigation.

What is the biggest fee ever paid a lawyer?

There is nothing certain about it, but it is the opinion of some of Boston's most widely-known lawyers that Robert M. Morse has received the largest fee ever paid to a Boston lawyer.

In the famous Wentworth will case of a dozen or so years ago he is reported to have been paid \$250,000 while on the opposing side Samuel J. Elder and John D. Long are generally credited with having added \$100,000 each to their bank accounts.

Another big fee that almost staggers belief is one awarded by the courts of Massachusetts to Sherman L. Whipple in the Bay State Gas Co. receivership case in which Mr. Whipple got \$233,000, although he says it did not all go to him.

There is a tremendous difference between the fees which lawyers receive today and those which the legal lights of a generation ago were paid.

Daniel Webster is as good an illustration of this as anyone, and Samuel J. Elder is authority for the statement that Webster's best year only netted him \$18,000.

"I have seen Webster's books," Mr. Elder said, "and there was not a year that he earned more than \$18,000, usually much less."

It has often been said that the great senator from Massachusetts did not average \$10,000 a year, and yet today a man with his attainments and eminence who did not earn \$500,000 a year would have only himself to blame.

Rufus Choate, a very great lawyer in his day, practiced more than Webster.

His average receipts from 1818 to 1859, inclusive, were nearly \$18,000 yearly.

The largest receipts in a single year during that period were a little more than \$22,000 in 1856, and the smallest \$11,000. His largest single fee was \$2,000 and he had four more of the same amount. Once he had a retainer fee of \$1,500. Choate was probably the equal in eloquence and learning of any lawyer living today.

STATE HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the director of the State Highway Commission at the office of the State Highway Commission in the State House, City of Indianapolis, Indiana, until 10:00 A. M., on the 28th day of July 1920, for the construction of certain state highways and described as follows:

F. A. No.	Location	Length
6, Section B	National Road, Clay and Putnam Counties, Brazil to Manhattan.	9.498

6, Section C	National Road, Putnam County, Manhattan to one and one half miles East of Mt. Meridian.	9.997
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Proposal blanks and specifications may be obtained free and plans upon payment of \$5.00 per set, upon application to the State Highway Commission, Indianapolis. No refund for plans returned. Plans may be seen at the office of the state highway commission, Indianapolis.

Bids will be received for grading and culvert work as described in the specifications aforesaid. Contracts will be let to the lowest and best bidder, but the right is reserved to reject any and all bids if any cause exists therefor. Bidders shall file bonds with the bids as provided by law.

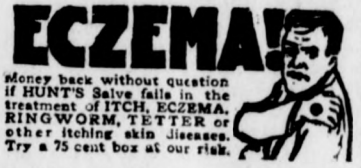
L. H. Wright, Director
6t. D. July 12-14-16-19-21-23.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Radical New Drug for Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc. Take one or two pills of your favorite brand. For CHICHESTER'S PILLS, the 25 years' record is the best. Always reliable. SO: 2 BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

You Guard Against Burglars, But What About Rats?

Rats steal millions of dollars worth of grain, chickens, eggs, etc. Destroy property and are a menace to health. If you are troubled with rats, try RAT SNAP. It will surely kill them—prevents odors. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Comes in cakes. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 Sold and anted by John Cook & Sons, and R. P. Mullins.



Sold By The Owl Drug Store

Classified Ads

"I Wouldn't Go Camping Without Rat-Snap," Says Ray White

"Wife and I spent our vacation camping last summer, smell of cooking brought rats. We went to town, got some RAT SNAP, broke up cakes put it outside our tent. We got the rats alright—big fellows." Farmers, storekeepers, housewives, should use RAT SNAP. Three sizes. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by R. P. Mullins, John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski & Co.

Every pair of low shoes in our store at a great reduction. Christies.

PUBLIC SALES:—We are now booking fall sales. See us early for your date. Dobbs & Vestal. Office over Central Nat'l Bank. Residence phones 168 & 771. Office Phone 179.

Meet Me At Christies

FARM LOANS —Plenty of money. Brown & Moffett.

WANTED TO RENT: House in or near Greencastle. Small family. Permanent tenant if suitable place. Would consider small acreage. John R. Hand 1042 Van Buren street, South Bend, Indiana.

"It Looked Like a Battlefield in Europe," Said Mr. C. Dunster

"Was staying at a hotel in a small Pennsylvania town. Early one morning I went to the stable to hire a rig and was shown a pile of dead rats killed by RAT SNAP the night before. Looked like a battlefield in Europe." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski & Co., R. P. Mullins.

Architect, Contractor and Landscape Gardening. W. H. Evans, Greencastle, Indiana.

WANTED: More cars to wash—The R. E. Knoll Co.

Every pair of low shoes in our store at a great reduction. Christies.

"How I Cleared The Mill Of Rats," By J. Tucker, R. I.

"As night watchman, believe I have seen more rats than any man. Dogs wouldn't dare go near them. Got \$1. pkg. of RAT SNAP, inside of 6 weeks cleared them all out. Killed them by the score every night. Guess the rest were scared away. I'll never be with out RAT SNAP." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by John Cook & Sons, J. Sudranski & Co., R. P. Mullins.

Meet Me At CHRISTIE'S.

A FINE HOME FOR SALE

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

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The Family Honor.

At a banquet of the ministers of New York, Mr. Johnston of the Morrisania church told this story:

"One of the members of my church has instilled into his family the belief that the collection is a vitally important part of the service."

"Consequently his little boy Thomas never comes to church without his contribution."

"One Sunday, as the elders began to take up the collection at the morning service, Thomas looked along the pew to see if the various members of the family were provided with a contribution."

"Noticing a guest of his sister's empty-handed, he whispered:

"Where's your money?"

"I have none," was the reply.

"The time was short and the necessity great. In a flash the little fellow met the emergency by saying:

"Here—take mine. That'll pay for you and I'll get under the seat."

"And, flinging his own coin into her lap, he disappeared under the pew, where he remained until the elder had gone by—and the reputation of the family was saved."

OH, FAR MORE.



Mr. Busby, rich but recently—And when I was in Switzerland, I saw Lake Geneva and Lake Lemman."

Mr. Wise—"But are not those names synonymous?"

Mr. B.—"Why—er—yes, of course. But are you aware, my dear sir, that Lake Geneva is by far the more synonymous of the two?"

It All Depends.

When James A. Garfield was president of Oberlin college, a man brought for entrance as a student his son, for whom he wished a shorter course than the regular one.

"The boy can never take all that," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want of him. When God wants to make an oak he takes a hundred years, but life takes only two months to make a squash."

A Shrewd Old Man.

"You're an old married man. What do you do when your wife begins to scold?"

"Encourage her. I talk back—discreetly, of course. I say tantalizing things, make foolish excuses, I stammer and get husky."

"But doesn't that make her a good deal madder?"

"Of course it does. That's the intention. I want her to get so mad that she won't have any voice left to ask me for money."

"Gee, I wonder if I'll ever get as hardened as that?"

A Generous Offer.

A family living in South Chicago found a good deal of cream on a bottle of milk which had been standing overnight and when the driver called in the morning the pleased servant held it up to the light and said: "Look here, I have never seen anything like this before on your milk."

The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head and replied: "Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out and I'll give you a fresh bottle in its place."

Specialization.

"Are you willing to work?"

"Yes," replied Plodding Pete. "But I've got to know what I'm expected to do before I start."

"There's an ax and a woodpile right in front of you."

"Dat's fine. I'm a watchman by profession. For a couple of sandwiches an' a cup of coffee I'll sit here all afternoon an' see dat nobody steals 'em."

Taking His Part.

A section foreman on a southern railway heard the following conversation between two of his dinky laborers:

"Jim, you bettah come here an' help me. I've takin' up fer you."

"How's dat?"

"W'y, dis here man say you ain't fit fer de dawgs, an' Ah tole him yes you is!"

Sure to Win.

"So you think you have your opponent defeated before the campaign starts?"

"I'm sure of it. He is depending on old-fashioned handshaking methods to make himself agreeable. I'm learning to dance."



DOES THE FARM PAY?

Demonstrators Point out the Difference in Results Between Good and Bad Management

In every community there are certain number of farmers who have found for themselves how to make a good profit from their farms. They are now being used by county agents as practical object lessons for their less successful neighbors. Under what is known as the farm management demonstration plan, the county agent analyzes the systems that these men have adopted, compares them with the practice on farms that pay less or not at all, and learns in this way the factors that make for successful farming in a given community. He is then in a position to say: "This is the kind of farming that pays. If you don't believe me, look around you. It's not a theory, it's a fact."

The demonstrations of this kind that the Department of Agriculture, cooperating with the state colleges of agriculture has made already, afford some striking instances of the difference in results between good and bad farm management. Recently 54 groups of farms in 19 states were studied in order to ascertain what the farmer obtained for his year's work after deducting the interest at 5 per cent on the value of his farm and other capital—in other words, to find out his labor income or wages. In each of these groups, which included altogether 4,460 farms, the conditions were reasonably similar. In each group the farmers were divided into five numerically equal classes according to their labor incomes.

It was found that although the average labor income for all the groups was only \$387, the average for the farmers in the first class—that fifth of the farmers who did best—was \$1,421. In the second class it was \$612. The last class—the fifth of the farmers who were least successful—got nothing for wages and lost, on the average \$517. That is to say the investment on the amount of money represented by their farm, stock, and equipment would have been \$517 more than the farm returned them. It should be borne in mind in this connection that the labor income is merely the farmer's wages and that the family has in addition, besides interest on investment, the use of the farmhouse and such fuel and food as the farm supplies free of money cost.

Other demonstrations have produced similar results. In most any northern community, one fifth of the farmers are making approximately \$1,600 a year more than the average and \$2,000 more than the least successful. This is not luck, nor is it altogether, or even chiefly, a question of the individual farmer. Further analysis will show that the successful men are following certain methods adapted to their conditions and that the unsuccessful are not. It is the business of the county agents and farm management demonstrators to ascertain what those methods are and to point them out.

How this can be done is shown by a study of a farm which, for the sake of convenience, can be called the Baldwin farm. The owner's labor income one year was minus \$45—his income was \$45 less than the interest on his farm and equipment. That year the average labor income on 135 farms in the same community was \$199 and for the 25 more successful farms \$750.

There were, however, other differences which did account for it. Baldwin had 51 acres in crops, as compared with an average of 63 and for the best farms 90. He fed practically all his crops to his 11 cows and 2 horses, but the receipts from butter and milk from each of his cows averaged only \$20. On the average farm there were 6 cows, giving average receipts of \$44, and on best farms eight cows, with average receipts from each of \$62. The other farmers with their larger crop acreage had a surplus of crops to sell. Baldwin, with as good yields as the others per acre, had practically nothing to sell, and the stock to which he fed his crops was too poor to give him profitable returns.

The important thing for Baldwin, said the demonstrators when they had ascertained these facts was to weed out his herd, to keep a record of the production of each cow and to get rid of those which were costing him money. The next thing was if possible to rent or buy a little more land so that the size of his business would be more commensurate with its equipment. He and his horses were capable of farming as much land as his neighbors, and by not doing it he was wasting his time just as his cows were wasting his feed.

Such demonstrations of course, are valuable only for the community in which they are made. They cannot be taken to mean that it is better to keep 3 cows than 11, to sell crops than to feed them, or to cultivate 90 acres than 50. They show, however, that there are always profitable and unprofitable ways of running a farm in any community, and that if a man is losing money in return for hard work it will pay him to learn from his neighbors who are making it. It is in helping him to do this that the county agents are now finding one of their most useful functions.

LEAF BLISTER MITE

Minute Animal Which Attacks the Foliage of Pear and Apple

Red or green blister like spots appearing in the early spring on the foliage of the apple and pear are usually due to the leaf blister mite. This is not an insect but a small animal, invisible to the unaided eye, which attacks standard varieties of pear and apple trees and often inflicts serious damage. Where trees are seriously infested, the premature fall of both fruit and leaves may result. In such cases a special application of lime sulphur wash or other spray may be necessary. Ordinarily, however, the regular orchard spraying is sufficient to control the mite. Badly infested branches of the pear trees may be cut off and burned. Care should be taken not to confuse the work of the mite with the leaf spot disease or the results of heavy spraying.

Describing the leaf blister mite, showing how it may be recognized, and giving methods of its control, the department has issued a new Farmer's Bulletin No. 722, "The Leaf Blister Mite of Pear and Apple," by A. L. Quaintance. The leaf blister mite passes the winter beneath the bud scales. There it waits for the opening of the buds and attacks the young leaves as soon as they push out in the spring. The tiny animals bore small holes from the under side of the leaves into the interior, where they lay their eggs. This causes the small, pimple like scales on the upper surface of the leaves. The spots later increase in size, sometimes to one eighth of an inch, and on the pear tree are red and often brilliantly colored as they grow. In the case of the apple the eruptions lack the more brilliant coloring and are found more along the margin of the leaf. In both cases the spots finally turn brown or black, and if the pest is abundant the leaves become ruptured and wrinkled.

More than 250 varieties of apples are attacked by the mite, injury being especially severe on some well known commercial sorts, such as the Ben Davis, the King, Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, and the Williams favorite.

Where orchards are seriously infested as has been noted in New York State, lime sulphur washes give excellent results. They avoid the injurious effects upon fruit buds which sometimes results from the use of oil sprays. The wash should be applied thoroughly, coating the twigs and branches.

A standard solution of kerosene emulsion may also be used. The stock solution should be diluted with five parts of water for spraying purposes. One application should be given in the late fall, as soon as most of the leaves have fallen, and another in the following spring, before the trees put out foliage. If it is possible to give only one treatment, the sprays should be used in the fall. At this time many of the mites have not yet gone to the bud scales, but occur in the down covering the young wood and hence are more easily killed.

Misnamed Fruit Trees

We have recently had a number of inquiries as to what redness may be bred when fruit trees prove to be untrue to name.

This is one of the most discouraging features of the orchard business but, happily, when trees are purchased from reliable nurserymen, it is much less likely to happen than formerly. We do not claim to be an authority on legal matters and if we were we could give little advice without knowing all the facts in the case. As a rule, however, nurserymen protect themselves by a clause in their order blank or contract which absolves them from any liability for damages beyond the replacing of trees proving untrue to name. This amounts to almost nothing compared with the loss which may result to the orchardist when the varieties are not true to name and are inferior to the ones ordered or are less well adapted to the soil or locality.

There has recently been handed down by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York State a decision in which the plaintiff has been awarded damages supposedly equivalent to the difference between the value of the trees as they now stand and what would have been their value had they been of the varieties ordered—in this case about \$700. We understand that there was no clause in the contract limiting the liability of the nurserymen to the purchase price of the trees.

Currant Worms

Currant worms are easily controlled if taken in time. The reason for the usual difficulty in controlling them is that they are not discovered until they have been working for some time and have attained nearly full size, when they are hard to kill. The method of control is to spray the bushes thoroughly with arsenate of lead and water during the first warm days in May being careful to see that all the lower branches are covered with the poison, as this is where the young worms begin to work. Repeat the spray in about two weeks and again in one week if necessary. If spraying has been neglected and the worms appear about picking time, cut the leaves thoroughly with fresh white hellebore. This will lose its strength after a few hours exposure to the air and will not poison those who eat the fruit.

It's easier to induce two heart to eat as one than to induce two mouths to eat that way.

Only Comforter.

Some time ago a young woman called at the home of a married friend named Mrs. Brown and was considerably surprised to find her copiously weeping the sobbist kind of sad tears. Mournful entreaty finally elicited the mournful information that poor little Fido had just passed on.

"I will never forget how the poor little darling looked!" moaned the bereaved Mrs. Brown. "I offered him a cream chocolate and he wouldn't take it. Oh, dear! I do wish my husband would come home."

"We can easily arrange that," returned the caller soothingly. "I will telephone for him, if you wish it."

"It would be so nice of you, dear!" sobbed Mrs. Brown. "Now that poor little Fido is dead, John is all I have in the world."

On the Safe Side.

An old artisan who prided himself on his ability to drive a close bargain contracted to paint a huge barn in the neighborhood for the small sum of \$12.

"Why on earth did you agree to do it for so little?" his brother inquired. "Well," said the old painter, "you see, the owner is a mighty unreliable man. If I'd said I'd charge him \$25, likely he'd have only paid me \$19. And if I charge him \$12, he may not pay me but \$9. So I thought it over and decided to paint it for \$12, so I wouldn't lose much."

The Editor's Reply.

A Kansas man wrote to his newspaper and asked: "What's the matter with my hens? Every morning when I go to feed them I find some of them keeled over to rise no more."

To which the editor replied: "They're dead."

Serious Case.

Wife—"You must send me away for my health at once. I am going in to a decline."

Husband—"My! My! What makes you think so?"

Wife—"My dresses are beginning to feel comfortable."

An Explanation.

"It must be great to be a man. One dress suit lasts you for years and years and a woman must have a new dress for every party."

"That's why one dress suit lasts a man for years and years."

A Successful Day.

"I had a secret given me by one of the girls in our set."

"Yes?"

"So I started out yesterday and traded it to one girl for a lunch, to another for a railroad ticket and to a third for a box of caramels."

THEIR METHOD.



"I don't see how the girls stand that fellow; he's all gas."

"They don't; they turn him down."

A Broom Holder.

A drain-pipe may be put to a rather novel purpose in the shape of a holder for brooms, garden tools, etc. Decorated drain-pipes make excellent umbrellas and fern stands for the hall, but when used for this purpose need only be decorated in a very simple way, and a good plan of doing this is to entirely cover the exterior of the pipe with some remnant of any pretty wall paper, which may be very easily fastened around the sides with paste. It will then look by no means unsightly, and may be placed in the corner of the kitchen or in some other suitable spot.

A Young Naturalist.

A little lad of an acquaintance recently discovered why the giraffe has such a long neck.

"Cause his head is so far from his body," he explained, and none of us present could dispute it.

Not the Ducks.

"Hello, old man! Have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did: shot seven-teen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer was."

In a Museum.

"This stone is covered with hieroglyphics," explained the curator. "Why didn't they have the board of health exterminate them?" asked the woman from upstate.

CONTROL OF BAGWORM

Arsenical Sprays and Hand Picking Will Reduce Damage to Evergreens and Other Ornamental Trees

The use of arsenical sprays and the removal of the bags or cases by hand picking are recommended by specialists in the department as means of controlling the bagworm, a caterpillar which frequently does much harm to shade trees, shrubs, hedges, and in particular to evergreens. This insect has a curious habit of constructing for itself a bag like case in which it crawls about on the infested trees. These cases are conspicuous objects on trees from which the leaves have fallen, and it is, therefore, comparatively easy to remove them by hand from deciduous trees in winter time.

They are much less easily detected, however, on evergreens, for the protection of which arsenical sprays are, therefore, often used. A spray made of one pound of the prepared paste of arsenate of lead and from 25 to 50 gallons of water will be found effective if properly applied. The strength of this mixture may be increased to 2 or 3 pounds of arsenate of lead for 50 gallons of water in the case of a great number of trees, but the use of a mixture as strong as 10 pounds of arsenate in 50 gallons of water is unnecessarily expensive and may injure some forms of tender foliage.

The amount of damage that the bag worm does varies greatly at different times, serious complaints having been received in recent years from New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Oklahoma and Kansas. The pest is not frequent north of southern New York and the central portions of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Its greatest damage is probably done to trees and shrubs along the streets in the parks and private grounds in cities and towns. It is a general feeder, but displays particular fondness for evergreens, especially for arbutus.

In the late spring the young hatch from the eggs which the female has laid in the bag crawl out upon the twigs and immediately begin to construct bags for themselves. Bags are made partly of silk and partly of bits of leaf and twig. The young insect cuts off with its jaws a small fragment of leaf which it places between its front legs and as the pile gradually grows, fastens it loosely together with silk. Ultimately the caterpillar succeeds in getting this material around its neck like a sort of yoke, which is added to until it is a complete collar. Bit by bit this collar is built up until it becomes a completed case large enough to conceal entirely the caterpillar within it. It is within this retreat that the caterpillar enters the stage of pupation, and it is here too, that the female moth lays her eggs.

The Apple Red Bug

An insect which has done an enormous amount of damage in apple orchards in many parts of the east for the past two or three seasons is the Apple Red Bug. This insect is not often seen but the results of its work are all too apparent at picking time when the fruit is found to be more or less deformed so that it will not pass for "A" grade.

This deformity is caused by punctures which the insect makes in the young apples in order to suck out the juice. The tissue does not develop normally around these punctures and a slight depression is left in the fruit. A small greenish core may also be seen when cutting across one of these depressions of which there may be as many as 100 in a single apple.

The remedy is to spray with some contact insecticide when the insects are present and before they begin to work on the young fruit. Experiment stations agree the "Black Leaf 40," a tobacco extract, is effective in controlling this insect. It may be used with water at the rate of one part in one thousand or it may be used in connection with lime sulphur and arsenate of lead at the same rate.

Spray first, just as the blossoms begin to show pink and second, just after the petals fall. The spraying must be thorough.

To Inoculate Seed

Coating the seed of legumes with inoculated soil before planting is simple method of insuring soil inoculation at slight cost. County agents in Illinois have found ordinary furniture glue effective in holding particles of inoculated soil to the seeds. This method gives each inoculated seed some of the particles of inoculated soil which it carries with it when it is planted. The scheme requires but a small amount of inoculated soil and costs but a few cents an acre. The method is described in Farmer's Bulletin 704 of the department of agriculture.

Dissolve two handfuls of furniture glue for every gallon of boiling water and allow the solution to cool. Put this seed in a wash tub and then sprinkle enough of the solution on the seed to moisten but not to wet it (1 quart per bushel is sufficient) and stir the mixture thoroughly until all the seed are moistened.

Secure the inoculated soil from a place where the same kind of plants as the seed are growing, making sure that the roots have a vigorous development of nodules. Dry the soil in the shade, preferably in the barn or basement and pulverize it thoroughly into a dust. Scatter this dust over the moistened seed, using one half to one gallon of dirt for each bushel of seed, mixing thoroughly until the seed no longer stick together. The seed are then ready to sow.



A LARGE BUSINESS

The poultry business is supposed by many to be a small business—not worth serious thought of our well-to-do farmers. The fact is that we farmers have neglected our poultry shamefully. It is estimated that there are 2,000,000,000 dozens of eggs consumed in the United States, and if the average price per dozen paid were 15 cents we would have a grand total of \$300,000,000. How much of this money are we getting? Are we getting our share or are we letting the others get it? What other branch or side line of farming will pay as much? The above figures are for eggs only. Our fowls that we sell to the markets would equal the above figures. Take out turkeys, geese and ducks and we are safe in saying that the income derived from same would be at least \$500,000,000 per year. We see by the above figures that the poultry business is no small business. No person can give a correct figure of what our poultry will bring in one year. Many will start in the poultry business this year only to meet disappointments. There are many ups and downs, especially in the poultry business. And right here is where the ones who are successful make money. If every one that took up poultry made a success of the venture our markets would soon be glutted.

The successful poultryman of today started in a small way. He could give his time to his small flock and study their wants, thereby soon mastered the business. Never start in the poultry business till you have the poultry houses built in the way they should be built. Always build them so as to admit plenty of fresh air and sunlight. See that no drafts can reach the fowls. Drafts will give the fowls colds and colds will develop into roup and roup will soon put your fowls under the sod. Keep your fowls healthy with plenty of fresh air and exercise and you will have no trouble in getting the desired eggs, provided you are feeding for results.

More young chicks die each year from the ravages of lice than from all other causes put together. Provide a dust bath for your fowls and it will help you to keep down lice. Clean your houses at least twice a week. Disinfect once every day the drinking fountains and you should have little trouble in keeping your fowls in a healthy state.

The man who keeps pure bred fowls will find a certain demand for eggs for hatching and cockerels will be wanted by many just starting in the poultry business. A good thing to do to sell your surplus stock.

Don't try to raise fine poultry and lice at the same time, for it cannot be done. Decide first which it will be, then go ahead.

KEEPING THE YARDS FRESH

Where the poultry flock is confined to small yards on farms, the usual plan is to make a very narrow gate for entrance so the fowls will not escape when the attendant enters or departs.

While this arrangement may save a little trouble in that regard, it does not provide any way to get a horse and plow inside fence, to turn over the ground frequently.

If the flock is confined to small range the soil will foul quickly, and the best way to sweeten it is by turning over and raising quick growing crops.

A 1 foot gate will permit of passage for one horse attached to small plow or other cultivating instrument, and the ground will get stirred oftener than if the work has to be done with a hand fork. Two poultry yards are desirable, one being used while green crops are getting a start in the other. The flock may be transferred to new pasture when the foliage gets 2 or 3 inches growth.

Oats, rape and rye make desirable forage crops for the poultry.

Old Fashioned Beauties in Flowers

Those who decide to grow old fashioned flowers should not attempt too many kinds, but rather have a chosen few. Nor should they hesitate to grow a quantity of the kinds selected, as exchanges may be readily made with neighbors. Perennials should be planted abundantly, as they will spread and practically take care of themselves.

A few old favorites include: Single and double hollyhocks, larkspurs, lupins, Canterbury bells, forget-me-nots, William, columbine, hardy phlox, anemones, iris, gypsophila, baby's breath, polyanthus, clove scented pinks, lilacs, sea lavender, lathyrus or hardy peas, valerian, wallflowers, violas, tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, lily of the valley, rosemary, lavender and ferns.

Applying Poultry Manure

Poultry manure is recognized as the richest animal made fertilizer obtainable, and sometimes the problem of properly applying it to growing crops deters owners from its use. A garden in New York takes a tub or half barrel and fills it half full of the manure, using water to soak out the elements of fertility. The liquid fertilizer is poured around the roots of those plants which need forcing, being put on at night so evaporation will not be encouraged by the sunlight. The results have been very encouraging.

Fooled by a Widow.

H. P. Cady, a chemistry professor at the University of Kansas, tells this story of a seedy-looking man who stole noiselessly into a chemist's office and closed the door softly behind him.

"Kin anybody hear what I say in here?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a soul," the chemist assured him.

Whereupon the man produced a packet carefully wrapped, and handed it to the chemist with the query: "What is this stuff, anyway?"

After examining the contents, the chemist replied: "Why, that is iron pyrites, commonly known as fool's gold."

"What is it worth?" asked the seedy fellow.

"Oh, about three dollars a ton in carload lots."

"Just my pesky luck!" exclaimed the questioner. "Dern if I ain't the biggest fool in the world. I found a lot of that stuff on a widder's farm an' went an' married the widder."

The Way to Stop It.

A rich, but exceedingly mean man, residing in upper New York, who had an excellent wine cellar, but poor wine, found that in spite of its quality some one of his servants was always stealing it. He called his butler, who was in a chronic state of disgust at his employer's stinginess, and said:

"Thomas, this has got to stop! It is your business to attend to such matters. Now, what would you suggest as the most practical way to preserve this wine?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the butler, "unless you put something that's better worth drinking alongside of it."

A Grand Nation.

An old Scottish gardener was showing to a tourist the beauties of the loch and of the little village of Duddinstown. It was evening, and as he expatiated on the lovely scene and on the glories of his country the moon rose over the hill. The old man stopped short in the middle of a sentence and gazed at the moon in admiration. Then he turned to the tourist and said:

"There's a moon for yet! I tell ye, mon, we're a grand nation!"

In the Wake.

"I follow the medical profession," remarked the newcomer proudly.

"Surgeon?" we asked politely, just to make conversation.

"Undertaker," he replied sententiously, though gravely. At that, we considered the rejoinder a bit cryptic and shrouded in gloom.

Illuminative.

"This meter," exclaimed the gas company official, "measures the quantity of gas you use."

"And," asked the misanthrope, who is present on all glad occasions, "where is the meter which measures what you charge for?"

RACING MODEL.



Mary—I've got a new watch and it's prettier than yours.

John (whose watch gains two hours every day)—Hm-m-m, smart, that's nothing! Mine goes faster than yours.

Curiosity Rewarded.

"Brown's an inquisitive chap. Coming home from the club last night he climbed up a high gate post to see what the sign was at the top."

"What was it?"

"We paint!"—Judge.

The Lost Spaghetti.

Pat Maher bought a grocery store. Though he knew nothing about groceries, he would not admit his ignorance.

One morning a lady came in and asked for a package of spaghetti. Pat had never heard of it before. He looked all around, but could see nothing thus labeled.

"Spaghetti, spaghetti," he murmured, scratching his head. "Sure, an' I had it in me hand a minute ago. Would ye know it if ye saw it?"

Failure to Support.

"What are your reasons for wanting a divorce, madam?" inquired the judge.

"Failure to support."

"But you live in apparent luxury."

"He failed to support me for a nominal I wanted."

No Trouble at All.

"You can't have your cake and eat it."

"True enough, but you can take in the sights of a city and be taken in at the same time."